Spill Blood For You

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Spill Blood For You

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Hannibal is the Master, and Will wants to make him proud. But first, he'll have to execute a simple task.

Notes

Thread fic of Day 14 of Kinktober and Hannictober: Blood Kink + Dark Forest! Enjoy!

Will was hidden among huge bushes, quiet. So quiet he was able to listen to his racing heart and the bloodstream in his veins - focused, concentrated on the task he had to fulfill. He needed to protect himself, no matter what. He didn't know who - or what - was going to attack him, but he prepared himself with the dagger the Master exclusively gave to him.

The Master, Hannibal, was the leader of their group - outsiders liked to call it a cult but Hannibal found the term rude - and everyone wanted to impress him. However, Hannibal wanted Will, and Will was willing to give to the Master everything he had. But first, he needed to pass this test, to prove himself, to show he was worth it and better than the others. Hannibal promised many things to him.

He said that, if Will succeeded, he was going to fuck him and make him his personal slut, and what else Will could wish for? Every person there would kill to have this chance, and here was Will, who only had to execute a simple task in order to have it all. He shivered when he remembered Hannibal's words close to his ear, praising him and telling him everything they would do together. Will was taken over by a wave of arousal and adrenaline, holding the dagger firmly, his predatory eyes observing through the other side of the bushes.

And then, he heard a noise. Someone was running in the dark forest, so dark that even the moonlight couldn't illuminate it through the trees' leaves. He waited and waited, patient, then a person appeared, tripping on their feet and falling on the ground. Without thinking, Will got out of the bushes, almost jumping on them, dagger ready to pierce and stab.

That's when he realized who was the person. It was one of the members of the group, and he looked desperate, scared, with his hands tied up behind him.

"Will! You have to help me", they weren't friends, but they had talked sometimes. Will wasn't very fond of him. "He thinks I broke the rules, but I didn't", the man said with exasperation. "Please, they're going to kill me!"

Will was standing in front of him, still holding the dagger. Everything made sense now. The test wasn't to protect himself from something. He had to kill someone.

He remembered all the times that man tried to flirt with their Master, all the times he tried to impress him. Jealousy and rage were increasing inside of Will. He remained still, looking at the scared man on the ground. His expression was full of coldness, anger.

And almost as if Hannibal was beside him, he heard his voice.

"What are you waiting for?"

"Will?", the man stuttered, noticing that Will crouched, getting closer to him. "Thank you, I was so desperate, I thought-", before he could finish, he felt an excruciating pain on his belly. The dagger went in.

He looked at Will's eyes with pure fear. Will remained emotionless. Then, he took off the dagger only to stab again, and again, and again. Belly, chest, torso, multiple stab wounds,

quick and skillfully. Blood splashed on his shirt and his face, and he got above the other, without stopping.

He held the dagger with both hands, panting and now the man’s face was just a deformed mess of blood and flesh. Will felt powerful, invincible. He smiled, chuckled, growled; feral instincts taking over him. His arm was sore from the motions, but he didn't stop. He only stopped when a hand grabbed his arm from above. It was the Master. Hannibal had a proud expression, smirking. Will was shaking, still breathless. He was a mess. There was blood everywhere on his body.

Hannibal took his hand, making him stand up, and caressed his face.

"Very well", he purred, "you were great. I saw everything, Will. You're special, and I want you to belong to me alone."

Will smiled, weak. He was tired, and he felt like he woke up from a trance.

"Come with me, I'll make you mine", Hannibal said.

"I just need to change my clo-"

"I want you like this", Hannibal said and kissed him, tasting the blood, the victory, the loyalty. Will cling to Hannibal's shirt, staining it with red. It was intoxicating, and both wanted more of it.

Soon, they were on the ground, Hannibal above Will, devouring each other. Hannibal took the bloody dagger and put it in front of Will's lips, watching as he opened his mouth and slid his tongue through the blade, licking it clean. He was perfect.

This made Will accidentally cut his lip, a fillet of blood starting to flow, but Hannibal licked it, and kissed him again. The taste and scent of iron was driving him crazy. Will could never imagine he'd be fucked with fresh blood filling him, dripping down his thighs as Hannibal's cock thrusted into him, feeling his waist being grabbed and his nails almost buried in the dirt. And that's everything he wanted.

Their moans and groans were the only thing heard at the silent forest, and Hannibal wanted everyone to know Will belonged to him now, as well as he belonged to Will. Until the end of their lives.

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